

The GATEWAY

Published once a week by the Students' Union of the University of Alberta.

Vol. VIII—No. 7

Edmonton, Alberta, Thursday, December 13th, 1917.

Price Five Cents.

FIRST DRAMATIC EVENING PLEASURES.

Large Audience Enjoys "Her Husband's Wife."

Convocation Hall was well filled on last Thursday evening, in honor of the first appearance of the Dramatic Society, which is this year entirely a student organization, with Dr. E. K. Broadus as Honorary President, and Mr. Alan Harvey as president.

The bright three act play, "Her Husband's Wife," by A. E. Thomas, was well produced by a capable cast of six. The University Orchestra, also added to the enjoyment of an appreciative audience by several splendid musical numbers. The Orchestra of which Mr. Vango is president, has been fortunate in securing Mr. Frank Parks as director and will be a great addition to the Lit.

It is the intention also to occasionally entertain the Soldiers at the Hospital and Home.

The plot of the play revolves about Irene Randolph, which part was well acted by Miss Wilda Blow. Irene, a hypochondriac, makes a rapid recovery when she finds that the woman whom she deliberately chose for her husband's second wife, is positively too charming and apparently cares for her husband. Emily Ladew, the proposed second wife, was effectively played by Miss Lucille Taylor. Previous appearances have acquainted us with her dramatic ability.

The part of Uncle John Belden was cleverly handled by Mr. Stanton and the jocose spirit injected into his performance provoked many a laugh.

Howard Emery, who played the brother, Richard Belden, was well suited for the part as was Harry Blow who took the part of the husband. Both parts were amusing and well done. Miss Adele Blain as maid at the Randolph's presented a good appearance.

If we may, we wish to remonstrate, with others, upon one of the habits of the actors. That habit was the frequent thrusting of the hands into the pockets. The necessity of prompting from the sidelights was also noticeable in several instances.

The University looks forward with anticipation to future dramatic productions, which anticipation is warranted by a talented list of members and officers.

EVERYBODY HAS A GOOD TIME AT THE "Y" SOCIAL

Big "Y" Event a Success Despite Cold Weather.

Everybody had a good time at the "Y" Social, held in the Lounge Room of Athabasca Hall, on Saturday evening, December 8th.

Mr. Vango as Master of Ceremonies, had provided for a very entertaining evening, consisting of a programme, games and refreshments.

Although the programme was short, it was of a high quality. Mr. Race, as chairman, called upon the following ladies:— Miss Souch, for a piano solo; Miss Simpson, a vocal solo, and Miss McLean, a reading. The vigorous applause which followed each selection expressed the hearty appreciation of a delightful audience.

Then came a series of lively games: a Peanut Race, Cat and Mouse, an Introduction to the Brown Family, and Mr. McKinney's game of Musical Instruments.

The audience having been divided into four groups, played all four games at the same time. Mr. and Mrs. Race and Dr. and Mrs. Lehmann entered into the games with great

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THE SOLDIERS' ATTITUDE TO THE CHURCH.

By Sid Bainbridge.

It may seem somewhat presumptuous for a member of the Freshman Year to undertake the writing of an article in our University paper. But at the request of the Editor, this contribution is made with the idea of presenting the impressions of a returned soldier regarding the attitude of our boys in khaki to the Christian Church as it exists today. A "Theologue" in the rank and file of the army, needless to say, has a glorious opportunity of gaining first hand knowledge of what the average man of the world is thinking about, and of course more particularly what he thinks of the Church.

This is a question of world wide interest and has been the subject of much serious thought and discussion in all denominations of the Church. More than one of our city pastors has expressed a longing to meet the returned veteran in order that he might learn from him the point of view of the soldier.

No doubt many of the statements which follow herein will produce much criticism, and perhaps a little discussion. But all that is asked is that the readers will remember that it is the personal impression of the writer that is given, after two years of living contact with our soldiers, both Canadians and British Tommies. Also, as already pointed out, the perpetrator of this outrage is only a mere Freshman, and therefore a great deal of allowance may be made for any irregularities.

We hear many remarks made today regarding the pious character of our boys at the front, and it is maintained by many of our returned Chaplains that the war has made the Tommy in the trenches very religious. This may be so, but the religion of the soldier on active service is not exactly the same type as we find in our churches throughout the cities and towns, and on the prairies of Western Canada. But our subject is not The Religion of the Soldier, but his attitude towards the Church.

In a word, it can be said without much fear of contradiction, although with much regret and shame, that the average soldier in our army today has very little use for our Church. To verify this statement we need only to visit our training camps here in Canada, over in England, behind the lines in France, our Convalescent camps, or wherever there is a large body of men assembled. In all cases, we will find that only a very small proportion of the lads in khaki are to be found in a religious service, unless it be a Church Parade when all are compelled to attend.

The soldiers shun the church and treat it in a large measure with suspicion. An experience which the writer had in a Scottish hospital near Edinburgh last winter very strongly supports this assertion. Every Wednesday evening a debate was held in the large Y.M.C.A. hut connected with the hospital. These discussions were led by a local Presbyterian Minister, and provided great pleasure and profit to the large numbers who gathered there.

The subjects were all of personal interest to the soldiers and evoked many very candid expressions of opinion on some very important themes. The particular debate, to which reference is made, was dealing with the same subject as we are now considering, "The Soldier's Attitude to the Church." In the course of the discussion which was very free and informal, the question of a means of counteracting the saloon was raised. "What will become of our Y.M.C.A. huts after the war" was asked by one of the men. An active church worker who was also a wounded soldier, suggested "Why not have a similar organization to the Y.M.C.A., but in con-

Continued on page 10).

ROBERTSON COLLEGE

It is with very deep regret we learn the sad news, that Pte Robert T Campbell, of the 11th Field Amb. B.E.F., died of wounds received when carrying in a wounded man during the recent heavy fighting in France. One of our boys who has lately returned from France has assured us that all the Robertson boys in the 11th Field Amb. were "making good." The last act of R. T. again assure us, that our boys over in France, are carrying out the best traditions of Robertson College.

We were delighted to have with us last Wednesday evening Cpl. R. F. Parker, who has recently returned from England. Parker is one of the 'Old Guards',

coming to Robertson the first year the College was opened. We hope he will soon be able to take his place with us again.

We have it on good authority that our "Honourable President" intends to call a meeting of the Students' Council before Xmas. Some of us are rather afraid that it may not be true, as our Secretary has informed us that it is impossible for him to write "notes." If we do have a meeting, it will be very probable that no "notes" will be taken, on any lead from the last meeting. This is in keeping with the times, as everything is very informal at Robertson this year.

Y. M. C. A.

The special Christmas Service of the University Service will be held on December 16th, at 11 a.m. Dr. Tory is the speaker, and as this is probably the last time we shall be able to hear the President before he leaves to take up his work in Europe, a full attendance is expected. Special music will be rendered by the Choir and the Orchestra.

Last Sunday, the Right Rev. H. Allan Gray, Bishop of Edmonton preached the sermon. Dr. Kerr conducted the service and Miss Margaret Gold was the soloist. Bishop Gray spoke from the text "I and my Father are one." The sermon was an earnest call from the disturbing elements of the external life of man to the inner consciousness of God revealed through Jesus, and closed with an appeal to his hearers to accept in their own lives and as the mainspring of their conduct, the living principle revealed by God through his son Jesus Christ.

Miss Margaret Gold gave Mary Ray's "My Task" for the solo.

The 'Y' Social on Saturday evening lived up to the standard set in previous years, and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. The evening started with a short program of instrumental and musical numbers, which were much appreciated. The members then threw off their dignity and gave themselves up to fun and merriment. Groups were formed by lottery, Mr. Vango acting as general floor manager; each group had its own exciting game, and at intervals there was a general rearrangement, the ladies moving to the next group in a clockwise direction and the gentlemen counter

clockwise. Last, but not least, each group composed a parody to Tipperary on a subject even more exciting than last year's "Hash"—this was the all-embracing Physical Drill, and freshmen and freshettes vied with each other in singing its praises! After hearing the different groups sing their compositions, the judges decided that group "C" the Metropolitan Orchestra, had composed the one which pained them least, and requested that they should sing the verses again, but not until everyone was fortified by the lunch which was about to be served. After coffee and sandwiches, the company summoned enough resolution to hear the Metropolitan Orchestra once more, and even had energy remaining for the National Anthem which brought a very pleasant evening to a close.

A LATIN VAMPIRE

A fool there was and he Latin took,

Even as you and I.
All the joys and pleasure of life forsook,
In the library sought a quiet nook
And buried his head in a Latin book,

Even as you and I.

A fool there was and he got a flunk

Even as you and I.
He fizzled out n the Latin race
Because he couldn't keep the pace—

In fact he was just a hopeless case,

Even as you and I.

(Forgive us, Bayard)
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An interesting game of Basketball was played on Tuesday 4th, when Varsity I hooked up with Varsity II. To the surprise of all—and the disgust of the Seniors the 2nd team won by a 40—30 score. The game was more like an exhibition of how basketball shouldn't be played than anything else and the showing of the Senior squad was disappointing in the extreme. Of course, many personal fouls weren't called and this handicapped the first team, but even so, their playing was not nearly up to standard. Shot after shot went wide of the basket, and fumbling was the chief amusement. This defeat puts Varsity out of the running as they have now won 2 and lost the same number. The most interesting feature of the game was the demonstration of wrestling, boxing, jin-jitsu, and pushing given by Stanton and Smith in the second period. Mr. Stanton when interviewed by the Gateway staff said "There is only one thing wrong with Smith and that is—he doesn't watch his man closely enough." The Intermediate or Second team lined up as follows: Defense—Smith and Hagerman; Centre—Banks; Forwards—McKee and Craig.

and the hockey squad has had two work outs. As is usual at the first of the season there is much erratic work, but there are some men who look as though they will shape up well. Walker, Blow, Hummon, Lawton, Emery, Seyer show lots of speed and will have to be reckoned with when the team is picked. Smith, East, and McClellan will fight it out for the defense jobs, while Lehmann and Bryant are rivals for the goal position. Walker in particular has loomed up well in practices. He combines good stick handling with considerable speed. Blow, probably as fast as Walker, is not so adept with his stick. Lawton plays his usual tricky game and is likely to have no trouble in cinching centre ice.

Hummon is also very effective. Taking it all in all, everything points to Varsity's having a light fast team, and one that will play the game from gong to gong. There will also be a Varsity team picked to play with the High Schools.

There seems to have been some misunderstanding regarding the hours assigned to the ladies and men. A time table has been arranged, however, and there will be no trouble in future. So be in the fashion and buy a rink ticket.

At last, the rink is under way

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EDITORIALS

We feel that it would not be fitting to let this issue go to press without making some editorial comment on Thursday evening's altogether praiseworthy production by the Dramatic Society. While several minor errors were noticeable, the showing as a whole was excellent and reflects credit on all concerned. The large and representative attendance from the city proves, too, that our thespian undertakings are not unappreciated by many outside of our own immediate circle.

We must congratulate the executive on the judgement displayed in choosing a vehicle so eminently suited to the powers of the performers and hope that future selections may always be as felicitous.

There are two classes of people in this community in whom we can see but little good. These are the confirmed acquiescers and the consistent objectors. Which of the two varieties is the more irritating we do not feel qualified to decide but each is certainly a grievous trial to persons possessed of a normal amount of red blood. Your estimate of the comparative merits of the gelatinous and the super-resistants will probably vary according to individual points of view, but of one thing you may rest assured; these persons are the buds of which the occupants of Homes for the Indigent, on the one hand, and the sponsors for new religions, new art and new political faiths, on the other, are the full flower.

The life of an editorial writer in these parts is not one of unalloyed pleasure. Not long ago we sat down in the forepart of the evening to evolve a short discourse on the mutability of mundane matter, or some equally timely and pertinent subject. No sooner had the machinery begun to move smoothly than a quartette of sophomores in the room below gave explicit directions, in so-called close harmony, regarding the post-mortem disposal of their ossseous structures. Across the wing a would-be Bohumir-Kyril punished his Band-and-a-half flat horn most cruelly, while various violonists joined in with all the lost chords, from far and near corners of the residence. To further assist the processes of thought a group of youths on the stairs volunteered the startling information that father was an engineer and a mighty man the reason being naively given as the fact that he ran an engine, as was easily apparent to even the casual observer. This gem having been given its due, they became occupied with the question of why some unnamed son of rest was not in the habit of working in a fashion similar to other persons. Before his reasons were arrived at, a squad of better-than-Byngs came to a halt immediately below our window and rehearsed the main portion of I. T. 1914, with much gusto and exceeding audibility. This so stimulated a solo baritone on the flat above that he broke in with the statement that

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WEEKLY NEWS LETTER

University of Alberta Soldiers' Comforts Club
to the

Staff and Students who have enlisted for Overseas Service.
Vol. 2, No. 36. Edit. by W. Muir Edwards Dec. 8, '17



Pte. R. T. Hollies
App. Sci., '16
46th Bn. Can. B.E.F.



Able Seaman F. Cook
Reported killed in Air Raid
in Error.

Current News (Dr. W. H. Alexander):—Everything else appears insignificant this week beside the awful tale of death and destruction from Halifax. Even now, five days after the disaster which occurred last Thursday, Dec. 6th, there is great uncertainty about the actual loss of fire; it seems pretty certain however, that the dead will be numbered at 4000 and the injured at half as many again. In addition there are 20,000 people who are homeless in the face of an Atlantic winter. The cause of the dreadful event was the collision of a Norwegian relief ship with a French boat loaded with high explosives. A court extraordinary of enquiry has been appointed by the Federal Government; meantime there is a strong disposition to believe that there has been foul play. The Hun devil having proved such a very genuine devil, we are mostly disposed to give him considerable more than the due of the proverb. The effect of the explosion seems to have been to cause hundreds of houses and stores simply to crumble upon themselves, thus burying hundreds and even thousands in the ruins. A great effort has been inaugurated all over Canada to raise a relief fund, though after the big drive for the Victory Loan it will not be so easy. Massachusetts has been prompt to aid and there is a resolution to the fore in the American Congress to extend assistance to the amount of five million dollars.... The United States has declared war upon Austria-Hungary, thus terminating another of the anomalies of the present war. For the present they have refrained from a declaration against Bulgaria and Turkey, presumably because no American soldiers are operating directly against those powers. President Wilson's message to Congress on Dec. 4 is a vigorous document, and seems to indicate that a very important function of the United States will be to sustain the flagging spirits of the Allies.... All England, and indeed all the world, is still mystified over the Lansdowne letter in which the aged Earl seems to pass over to the pacifist camp. It was feared at first by most of us that he spoke for the Unionist party in British politics, but Bonar Law has relieved us of that anxiety. The utterance looks then like an aberration of an individual, unfortunate but not significant. In Germany the letter has been hailed as a sign of returning sense in the British mind. President Wilson's message, already referred to, formed an admirable answer to the Lansdowne manifesto.... A considerable portion of Sir Julian Byng's gains we have been forced to relinquish, nearly one half to be exact. The German counter-attack was maintained with extraordinary ferocity and in great numbers, the latter probably thanks to the Russian situation. For the first time in more than two years British guns were lost in action. Cambrai is simply impossible to sacrifice from the German

point of view, and they have been willing to pay a great price to hold it. . . . Nothing seems as yet to have come of the German-Russian conference, except rumors not worth the recording. Russia now presents roughly three main divisions. There is the Bolsheviki gang at Petrograd with the precious Lenine and Trotsky at its head, the Ukranian Republic centering around Kiev and coetting with the Bolsheviki, and last of all a government in South Russia under the control of the Cossack general Kaledines, with whom is now associated Alexieff, formerly of the army of the Russian western front. The former President of the Duma is also with Kaledines, all of which would indicate that the soldier elements of Russian life are rallying around this leader. . . . The election day in Canada is now very near. Present indications are that the Province of Ontario, after wavering for a time, will go strongly Unionist on Dec. 17th. This will offset Quebec. The Maritime Provinces may divide rather evenly so deep-seated is party feeling there, so that the West probably will be the arbiter of Canada's honor. The guess is here ventured that the West can be depended on. In Alberta the Liberals may carry three seats out of twelve, but hardly more. . . . An interesting phase of the present election is the permission which has been granted to soldiers to appear at public meetings of a political nature and to speak at the same. Oh ye shades of K. R. and O. . . . The municipal elections in Edmonton resulted in the return of Mr. Evans for Mayor by about 2000 over his nearest competitor Joe Clarke. Mat. Esdale, the printer, ran highest for alderman; J. A. Kinney was the only labor candidates who pulled through. The question asked of the burgesses as to whether they approved a tax on improvements on the land was answered in the negative despite the strong endorsement the proposal had had from mayoralty candidate Evans. Alderman Kinney deserves the thanks of those who opposed the change for his almost single-handed fight against principalities and powers of the financial world.

I trust that you will all have a careful look over the Honor Roll and let me have immediately any corrections or additions.

The report published in the letter of Oct. 22nd re the death of Seaman F. Cooke during an air raid on Chatham Barracks seems to quote Leaver's remark under similar conditions "to have been greatly exaggerated," as I received this week a letter from Cooke dated Nov. 12th. I would call your attention to the fact that our Honor Roll is therefore also in error in this regard. Cooke gives as his address F. Cooke, A.B., R.N.C.V.R., H.M.T. Kedwelly Castle, c-o Fleet Mail Office, R. N. Dockyard, Portsmouth, England, and I hereby tender him my most humble apologies for so arbitrarily removing him from the scene of operations. Our information came through the R.N.C.V.R. office and I considered it authentic. Other letters received this week were from J. D. Harrison, H. Fisher and J. A. Carswell, also cards from J. W. Dexter and R. T. Hollies. Sergt. Harrison of the 49th reports that Van Petten was killed leading his men over the top and that R. V. Patterson, Major Weaver and Capt. Davies were O.K.

News from the 78th is that another draft is leaving Calgary for parts unknown and taking in its strength the following U. of A. men: Sergt McCuaig, Gunners E. C. Snider, R. B. McGilivray, W. F. Clark, W. A. Kirkpatrick and H. Fisher. There is a rumor coming from we know not where that the former draft, who left Halifax a couple of weeks ago and so were most likely saved from sudden destruction in the recent calamity which has overtaken that unfortunate city, had gone to Bermuda. This Bermuda rumor is by now an old friend of drafts and regularly appears about 6.3 (to seven places of decimals) days after the draft has left, so we are not taking it too seriously. Further news of the 78th is that Cpls. Douglas and Fife have been made Sergts.

I had the pleasure of reading a letter to Dr. Sheldon from Pte. Victor Leese of the 16th Bn. Can., which I deduce is a Kilty Regiment, said deduction being made by the use of the binomial theorem assisted by a binocular investigation of a picture post card of himself and two brother "sixteeners"

in their Sunday clothes. A postscript, dated Nov. 8th, notes himself as O.K. and as having run across G. B. McKean just back to his battalion with a commission, from which I take it that Lieut. McKean is now with the 14th Bn., Can. once more.

The papers yesterday announced that in the group which left Quebec Thursday were Pte. Roy Walton and Pte. W. S. McDonald. Both have been diverted to Toronto and so I am afraid will not be on hand for the big student banquet to the returned men on Wednesday.

W. T. Middleton (B.Sc. '17) who took his degree in Architecture has joined the A.M.C., his address being 1880 St. Anne St., Victoria, B.C. Sergt. E. S. McKittrick of the 196th is now a cadet in C Co., No. 17, O.C.B., Kimmel Park, Rhyl. N. Wales. Mr. I. F. Morrison who was with me in the Dept. of Civil Engineering and who has been a Candidate in the U. S. Artillery, has been granted a commission as Lieutenant in the Ordnance Department and is at present in Washington in connection with this work.

At this point the mail man arrived with letters from Capt. H. J. Towerton and Lieut G. R. Stevens, also 49th Bn. Xmas cards from Capt. W. Taylor and Lieut. R. V. Patterson, which I wish hereby to acknowledge and express my appreciation of. Towerton encloses a photograph which I trust we can get reproduced with sufficient clearness to show detail. He states: "Herewith is a photo which may be of interest. The copy of the Gateway shown could not complain of having had a cool reception here. The photo was taken on one of the hottest days in a shade temperature of about 120° (I need not say Fahrenheit). The trouble here is to find any shade in which to take the temperature. A tent goes up a few degrees above the shade temperature. But, anyway, the heat's finished now; 105 is about our maximum these days. However, for the last few days this climate has given us another variation, dust storms. Today has been real bad, Mesopotamia at its worst. Heat, dust, flies, sandflies and mosquitos almost knocks the optimism out of one. Still, I'm fit and still feeling as well as ever."

Stevens writes from Q3 Hyde Park Hospital, Plymouth, Devon. He states: "Am sitting up now and taking a perfunctory interest in my food, so should be convalescent very shortly. Lungs are mighty sore, and I'm afraid I'll have to pay admission to the games of the future although it is quite possible that I may not be permanently injured. Got a dose of gas as we went up to attack on the 28th of Oct. We had a bad time up there, losing either nineteen or twenty officers, while the 49th, who went over on our left, suffered even more severely. Passchendaele was hell, par excellence—a more perfect place for sheer discomfort has never been discovered. Luckily, the mud was life saving as it localized all H. E. and this, added to the Boches' poor observation, made life more bearable. While waiting to go over, we lay in Ypres, and I spent several evenings with the 11th F.A. Was glad to see some of the chaps again. . . . Major Moshier looked very fit and keen. Just before hiking north from Lens, I was the guest of some officers of the 6th Buffs, and discovered in the mess a young man who once caused me considerable trouble, to wit: C. S. Bissett. It was odd to chance against him in that way. He is going to the Flying Corps, I believe. If I am not in shape to rough it again, am going to try that end myself. The fighting next year will develop, I believe, immensely along the lines of heavily armoured and fairly slow machines, operating at only a few feet above the ground. Bombing is going to replace long range shell fire, as the accuracy is as great and the moral effect is greater."

THE GATEWAIL

OUR SLOGAN:
"THE PRINCE OF WAILS,"

CONTRIB'S NUMBER.

Such has been the response to the Ed's impassioned appeal for verse for this g.f.j., that he feels that the time has come to allow some of these deathless lyrics to appear. Accordingly we submit below a few of the more outstanding specimens. The initial number is a chic little thing entitled "A Freshman's Prayer."

OH MUSE!

"A Freshman's Prayer"

Oh Muse! Inspire us, that we may
More knowledge gather day by day.
And when we come to the awful test
Enlighten us to do our best.
That our professors we may please
When pen and red ink they will seize.
Oh! Muse! This gem of freshest date
To thee this hour we consecrate.
Oh! Muse! If thou wouldst on us smile
Come help us in our hour of trial.
H. B.

H. B. is evidently one of those provident souls who revel in first-class standings and wallow in honors. He is certainly not one of the fresh. meds. who were unable to determine the square root of one in Chemistry 1. the other day. Here's hoping he has bought his Victory Bond.

Our second offering is more or less Waltmasonesque but possesses a certain redeeming virility and no suspicion of vers libre.

"I sit in my arm-chair and read that Sandy has the greatest need, for comic verse sans or with rhyme, but which he says he'll call sublime. He says that poet chap named Gilbert had lots of grey stuff in his filbert, and did not need to spend his days extracting starch from Zea Mays. Nor do we think he had the gall of a machine perpetual. But then he was a poet born and did not need to sit and yawn, or tap his shapely ivory dome and find that there was no one home. Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest, and struggle to get off his manly chest, some verse of punkest rhyme that's known; stuff our pet dog would soon disown.

These halls a poet laureate may hide, a youth whose modes-

ty could not abide, the criticisms of 'the Gateway staff.

Ognav.

One who is obviously strong for the Maggies pens the appended effusion, which is, as yet, unnamed.

Yes!

We've noticed quite a difference in town and country bred:

The one with cheeks of healthy tan,

The other rougey red.

The difference is not only

Upon the surface seen,

But is an indication of

The "Being" she has been.

It tells about conditions of

The organs cerebral,

And puts the winning odds upon

The little country gal.

—Dan De Lion.

The above are but a few of the many efforts in our possession and more will appear from time to time as the condition of our reading public seems to warrant. As a fresh. ag. said about our w. k. meatless meals, "The recollection of their quality remains long after the price is forgotten."

ADD OUR HONOR ROLL.

The well-intentioned young person who, at the Junior Dance, introduced a fresh to the freshette he had escorted there some two hours earlier.

The other evening, when in the city, we noticed a sign announcing that a financier named Whetstone had money to loan. We would certainly not wish to be one of his victims. How he must grind them down.

And, as one of our returned friends asserts:

"The best chaplain on the Western Front is Charles."

I thank you.

CLARENCE.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Dear Noall:—

I have been an interested reader of your valuable column for many days and now, in my moment of doubt, I turn to you for advice on a very important subject. I am a most handsome freshman (I also wear specs.) but I am occasionally troubled with cold feet. Would you advise me, through your column, whether I should wear silk socks or woollen ones to the Sunday strolls?

U. Kulele.

Answer.—We would point out that, this being a University, knitted footwear is referred to as

hosiery, not socks. In regard to your query, however, we would say that it matters but little what variety of hose you wear on the Sunday strolls. If the maiden has taken a fancy to you, you are as good as gone. If not, you are as good as going. If you should chance, however, to be called upon to appear before the exemption tribunal we should advise wearing hassocks, as being more comforting to the bended knee.

Dear Noall:—

As Xmas is approaching I would like you to tell me what in your opinion would be the best thing for me to buy for the girl I so dearly admire. Awaiting your valuable advice.

I. N. Fantile.

Answer:—We are unable to give the decision we would like to in this case, as we are not sure which one of the girls it is that you so dearly love. If it is that red headed one you talk so much about, why there is no other choice than a box (5 lbs.) of chocolates. However, if it is the dark haired one, whose name we see frequently written in your books, the present should take the form of a more substantial gift, such as several volumes of philosophical writings.

Dear Noall.—What does it mean when a girl winks at me in Class, and I do not wink back. This girl is quite young and in my estimation quite good looking. Awaiting your earliest reply so that I will know how to act in future under such circumstances.

Bl-w.

Answer:—

It means that you are too slow or else you are asleep at your post. If you do not pay attention to such wireless communications, they are liable to cease and you will be for-ordained to eternal bachelorhood for the remainder of your days. A calamity which no young man, especially of your type, wishes to befall him. We feel that we should bring you to task for such negligence, and chastize you severely for the crime that you have committed against yourself and the members of the male sex in general. We almost feel it our duty to expel you forever from the presence of young ladies, but we will give you a second chance, only Do Not Let It Occur Again.

Bill—Have you any engagement for Friday night?

She (coily)—No, why?

Bill—Oh, I was just trying to find out which one of the bunch I had a date with. —The Trail.

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Edmonton South

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you may know of some prospective student with whom you can place us in communication. Or you may yourself desire to confer regarding your future studies as an undergraduate or as a graduate student. We welcome enquiries at the office of THE REGISTRAR.

SAY HELLO!

How many people about the campus of the college do you know? If you are a senior, you may know several hundred; if you are a freshman, you go on every day without making any evident attempt to increase your acquaintance. There is a difference between acquaintances and friends. You should have many of the former and relatively few of the latter. The man who has a wide acquaintance seldom has many real, sincere friends. He doesn't have time for them.

But you will find friends and acquaintances alike worth while at the college. The freshman who has never been intimately associated with so large a group of people before finds many like him, who, loath to forwardness, sit back and wait for acquaintances to come. Meanwhile he may make a few good friends. But if he neglects the universal acquaintance he has an opportunity to make at the college, he is neglecting a very valuable part of his education.

It means a good deal to a man to walk down the street and be able to speak a cheery "good morning" to everyone he meets. You feel as though you are a real

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integral part of the institution and not an onlooker, waiting to be invited inside the fence. Many a freshman has given up to waves of homesickness just because he didn't have enough friends and acquaintances to make him forget that he was in a slightly different spot of earth than that to which he has always been accustomed.

The man who isn't afraid to speak to the other fellows, is the universally liked man. He has a reputation for being a good fellow. That alone is not an unqualified recommendation, but that kind of a man is apt to be the man who has other qualities as well. Don't be afraid to speak to the men you meet on the street. They will probably be as glad to have you speak as you will to relieve the monotony of your homeward walk. Speak the word; it doesn't cost anything to say "hello." Get acquainted. College life will then be worth living.

—Daily Lllini.

"IF."

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling).

If you can keep your head and come to 'Varsity.
Nor let it swell and tend to burst your hat.
If you can come and all the while you're going here
Respect the place, remembering where you're at;
If you can learn and not get tired of learning
Or, being scoffed at, never mind the boys
Or, being fresh, do not give way to freshness,
And don't forget life yet has many joys:

If you can work and not make work your master
If you can plug and not make that your aim,
If you can make just forty-five, or fifty,
And grin and keep on going just the same.
If you can bear to have the marks you've taken
Displayed by profs. to prove some rusty rule,
Or see the test you did your best on, shaken,
And start again to show that you're no fool:

If you can take your little store of knowledge
And run the risk of writing April tests
And, if you're plowed, to try Alberta College,
Or any other means some friend suggests
If eke the cortex of your cerebrum
Will still absorb long after it is crammed
And you can sit and work till you are numb
Nor ever even think, "Well I'll be —":

If you can see the "Pan" and keep your virtue
Dance at the "Mac" nor lose the common touch
If neither girls nor picture-shows can hurt you
If all this counts with you, but not too much
If you can fill six days a week, and Sunday,
With seven days, or more, of toil and fun
You'll learn a little, pass your tests in some way
And, what is more, you'll graduate, my son.

X.

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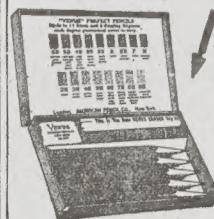
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THE WAUNEITAS

"Each for all, all for each."

It is very, very unfortunate for the writer of this column that the Wauneita Society doesn't meet every week. Let me forthwith make the motion that the constitution, clause 3591, sec. 83, be amended to read, "That the Wauneita Society shall meet at least every week, for the purpose of supplying news to the Gateway, if no more important business is on hand; that the members shall on these occasions discuss such matters as will most readily fill up at least a column or two." Second?

To try to say something about nothing is like running up against a high, blank, undecorated wall. And it isn't as though the wall is interesting or inspiring or suggestive; but the more you look at its bare blankness, the more you are convinced that you have no power to write two consecutive words that mean anything. Have you ever had the desperate feeling?

It comes most frequently when you are looking helplessly at a certain examination paper and are wondering what you will say next; and, as you hesitate, up comes that same, big, blank wall—and there you are. If you don't tear yourself away from its fascinating, hypnotizing surface—for it really does "get" you—there's no hope for Johnnie's name in the finals. The best thing to do is pluck up all your little bit of courage that is left, shut your eyes for a rest from that "wall," and then see if your sanity and equilibrium don't return with your fresh start. It always helps anyway.

Have you heard what Miss Katherine McCrimmon intends doing with herself? It is no longer a state secret, so here it is. After the New Year she expects to go east to Montreal to take a three month's course in Y.W.C.A. work and while in the east will attend the great student conference to be held at Northfield, near Boston. The Wauneitas extend to her every best wish for her future and though we wouldn't dare predict what it will be after she is through with the east, the prospects are something big in young women's organization work.

Wanted:—

A private secretary to copy Miss J. S-u-r-t's French exercise every week.

Someone to remove objectionable and suspicious looking bottle

from beneath window of new arrival in residence.

A patient person to assist Miss B.... to and from the street car these slippery mornings.

WE WANT TO KNOW.

When Keller started Crystal-gazing.

Who took advantage of the "Mimic" game at the "Y" Social to embrace one of the fair sex.

If the weather had anything to do with the cold feet Saturday night.

What made Dr. Cooper & Co. become so serious Sunday afternoon.

Who walked sixty-two (62) blocks last Sunday morning before dawn.

If Ogilvie thought he was the only sport in the bunch, and used his speech as an incentive "to lead others astray, that he might not be alone in his evil misdeeds."

Who, when asked how cold it was one night last week, unthinkingly replied, "Sixteen all the way home."

When the "Metropolitan" is going to put on a concert.

Who can fill in the missing words in the following quotation: "One feels an indescribable sensation thrill to the centre of one's soul as one hears these words:—

Her Course Incomplete

I know a girl
Who is a Ph.D.
She thinks she knows all about man,

For she has studied him
From standpoints
Anthropological,
Ethnological,
Psychological,
Physiological, and
Philosophical.

In reality she has not even
Matriculated in the course.
She has never said:
"Stop it! You're musing my hair."

—Life.

Naturally—She—Did you get my last letter?

He—I hope not.

—Record.

Prompt Obedience.—Grace "I told him he mustn't see me any more."

Her Brother—"Well, what did he do?"

Grace—"Turned out the lights!"

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

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And you'll meet none of the regular guys.

—Widow.

It Came Out.

"Well, I didn't think you had it in you," remarked the jocose Hick as the Sword-Swallower drew a five-foot cavalry saber from out his gullet.

—Jack o' Lantern.

Wild Animals I have known.

The mudhen that was wounded by an amateur hunter who mistook him for a duck.

Page Sir Galahad

She—"Can a man tell when a woman loves him?"

He—"He can, but he ought not to."

—Yale Record.

At Palm Beach

"You life-savers have a good time here, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, we go in for every-thing!"

—Jack o' Lantern.

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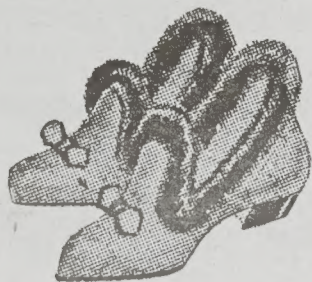
Immortals, drink a toast with me
To Captain Locke and Captain Key,
Of Company A and Company B,
In the Oklahoma infantree!
B. L. T.

Quest.—What is the difference between a detective and a fourth year Med. playing poker?
Ans.—One dogs the heels and the other hogs the deals (if you let him.)

—McGill Daily.

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THE SOLDIERS' ATTITUDE TO THE CHURCH.

(Continued from page 1)

nection with our Churches, that is a place where men may gather in the evenings after the day's toil for social intercourse and entertainment." Immediately came the reply, "No, not in connection with the Church; have these things we must, but not in the Churches, or else the boys won't come." This was not an isolated opinion, but was shared by the majority of those present, as was plainly manifested by the loud applause which greeted this statement.

To come nearer home, out of about 300 men in our local hospital and convalescent home, how many are regular attendants at Church? We find them largely represented at the theatres and moving picture shows, but they are outside the Church, except occasionally at a social evening, which is the only time that our boys are urged to attend a church. When the invitation is given to attend church, the majority treat it as a joke, and are not backward in telling that they haven't been to a religious service since the last Church Parade, when this was part of their duty as soldiers.

In case any reader should have the impression from these facts that our soldiers are demoralized and Godless, let us consider just why this state of affairs exists.

The responsibility rests not upon the soldiers themselves, except in a few isolated instances, but upon the Church. Hypocrisy within the Church is the great stumbling block which keeps so many away from the Church. No doubt many will say immediately on reading this "That is an old excuse which has always been the plea of those outside the Church." But even so, old though the excuse may be, can we deny the truth of this assertion? Where is there a church today in town, or in country, of any denomination whatever that has not its share, and a very large share, of those who may still be classed as "wolves in sheep's clothing?" How many of the men in our churches who are holding the most important offices are also living double lives, one scene being enacted in the church on Sunday, and the other in business during the remaining six days of the week?

We have come to a time when this matter must be faced.

The men in the trenches are dealing with realities; it is not a sham battle when thousands of noble lives are laid down in one day. We must cease playing with religion, and return to the practical Christianity of Our Lord and Master. Our soldiers have a perfect right to demand realities of the Church, and they will be satisfied with nothing less.

EDITORIALS

(Continued from page 4)

somewhere a voice was calling, which was indubitably correct. All was going swimmingly, including the editorial head, when the dinner bell brought relief. Though we have never visited the front lines in Flanders we are inclined to fancy that they must be almost as conducive to deep and quiet thought as a University residence at that magic hour "between the dark and the daylight."

EVERYBODY HAS A GOOD TIME AT THE "Y" SOCIAL

(Continued from page 1)

enthusiasm. Dr. Lehmann makes an extremely active cat in "Cat and Mouse." The hearty peals of laughter which echoed from group to group, suddenly came to an end at the sound of the shrill whistle.

Under Mr. Vango's instructions each group began the composition of a poem about Physical Drill, to be sung to the tune of Tipperary. Mr. and Mrs. Race and Dr. Misener, acting as judges, decided that the "Metropolitan Orchestra" group, led by Mr. Roland Michener, had won the prize. It behooves Albert Weaver Winston to practice diligently if he would retain his position as conductor of the Edmonton Orchestra, with such a formidable rival in the field.

While refreshments were being served, considerable discussion took place, regarding the poems on Physical Drill. The names of Mrs. Pimlott, Capt. Alexander, Mr. Burt and Dr. Sheldon were mentioned very frequently.

Everybody being "full" of a good time, the Social was closed by the enthusiastic singing of God Save the King.